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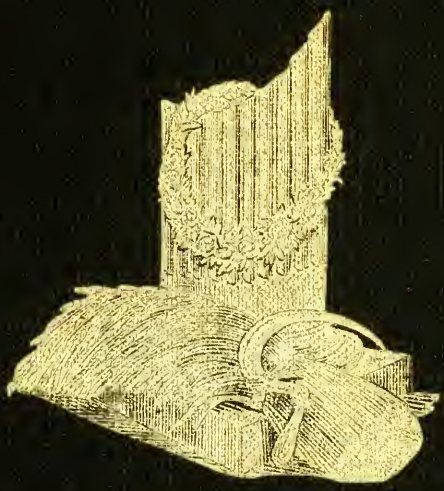

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Horatio B Hackett

MEMORIAL

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SENATE

UPON THE DEATH OF

HON. HORATIO B. HACKETT,

LATE A SENATOR FROM THE EIGHTH DISTRICT

OF

PENNSYLVANIA.

HARRISBURG, PA.:
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1906.

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RESOLUTION.

In the Senate,
February 14, 1906.

On motion of Senator Gable the following resolution was twice read considered and agreed to, viz:

Resolved, That one thousand five hundred copies of the memorial proceedings of the Senate upon the death of Honorable Horatio B. Hackett, a member of the Senate from the Eighth Senatorial district, be printed and bound in cloth, for the use of the Senate.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SENATE

UPON THE DEATH OF

HON. HORATIO B. HACKETT.

In the Senate,
Friday, February 9, 1906.

On motion of Senator Gable the following resolution was twice read, considered and agreed to, viz:

Resolved, That a committee of eight members of the Senate be appointed to draft suitable resolutions on the death of the late Senator Horatio B. Hackett, who died July twelfth, one thousand nine hundred and five, and to present such resolutions at a special meeting of the Senate to be held on Wednesday, February fourteenth, at three o'clock post meridian.

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS AND ADDRESSES.

In the Senate,
Wednesday, February 14, 1906.

Afternoon Session.

Pursuant to adjournment, the Senate was called to order at three fifteen o'clock post meridian. Mr. Fisher in the Chair.

PRAYER.

Prayer was offered by the Reverend Edward J. Knox, Chaplain of the Senate.

We come, our Heavenly Father, into Thy presence at this hour and ask that Thou wouldst guide our thoughts and turn them from the hurry and bustle of this life of activity, to consider the life of one who has belonged to us and has passed from us.

Help us that we may feel what shadows we are, what shadows we pursue; that in the midst of life we are in death. O, satisfy us early with Thy mercy.

We rejoice in the thought that in the midst of weakness and helplessness at the same time we can ever stay our souls on Thee.

We thank Thee for the assurances that come to us from Thy word of a life that is beyond this. We thank Thee that we can come to Thee trusting in that larger hope.

> **"For still we hope that in that larger scope,**
> **What here has faithfully been begun,**
> **Shall be completed, not undone."**

We pray that Thy blessing may rest upon the associates of the departed; that as they cherish his memory, that as they recall his virtues, and as with tender words and with beating

hearts, they recount the life that he lived here among them, that as they tell of that which he did that was worthy, that they may address themselves more earnestly to life's work while the day lasts, knowing that the shadows of the night are gathering in which no man can work.

We pray that in a special way Thou wilt be near to the household from which this father, this husband, has been taken. We pray that to them may be given the consolation of Thy grace, that in their hours of bereavement and loneliness that they may feel that Thou, the eternal God, art their refuge, and that underneath Thine everlasting arms they may find shelter and support and feel that Thou dost not forget them, that Thou dost not forsake them, and we pray that this family may be so united together in Christian love, and in the Holy faith of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ that

> "When soon or late they reach that coast
> On life's rough ocean driven,
> May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
> A family in Heaven."

We ask it for Christ's sake. Amen.

Mr. GABLE. Mr. President, your committee appointed to draft resolutions of respect to the memory of the Honorable Horatio B. Hackett, reports as follows:

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, Since the last session of the Legislature it has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to call to His eternal home the Honorable Horatio Balch Hackett, late one of the members of the Senate from the Eighth district of Philadelphia; and

Whereas, Senator Hackett, by his long life devoted to the interests of his country, as soldier, citizen and public official, both in the administrative and legislative branches of the Government, has endeared himself to his associates, and obtained the respect of the people of his city and of the State, and, by reason of his kindly and affectionate qualities in his home circle, he was regarded by his kindred and neighbors as a model husband and father; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Senate, conscious of the loss it has sustained in the death of Horatio Balch Hackett, expresses its appreciation of the high character and attainments of our late member, and its profound regret upon his death, and that we extend to the family of the deceased Senator our sympathy with them upon their bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, with the action of the Senate, be forwarded to the family of the deceased by the Clerk of the Senate.

VIVIAN FRANK GABLE,
CHARLES L. BROWN,
WILLIAM C. SPROUL,
HENRY GRANSBACK,
J. A. STOBER,
JOHN M. SCOTT,
ARTHUR G. DEWALT,
EDWIN M. HERBST,
Committee.

ADDRESSES.

Mr. GABLE. Mr. President and Members of the Senate: We are met to-day upon one of those constantly recurring occasions of sadness which mark the passing of human kind to the limitless beyond. It is fitting that, amid the busy activities of life, whether engaged in the cares of legislative duties or the every day struggle for existence, we turn aside to inscribe a page in memory of those who before us or alongside of us have borne well and manfully their part and have entered into their reward.

Horatio Balch Hackett, who was suddenly summoned by our Creator since the last regular session of this body, is the most lately broken link in the golden chain of the Senate of Pennsylvania.

While I had not the pleasure of a close personal acquaintanceship with Senator Hackett, for many years I had known of him as a man of those sturdy qualities of honesty and integrity and fixity of purpose which, coupled with an uncommon geniality of manner and personal charm, made for him a host of friends of unswerving loyalty. Born of good New England stock—his father having been a man of unusual literary attainment, the master of not less than seven languages, I am told, and his uncle, Professor Horatio Balch Hackett, for whom he was named, of Newton Theological Seminary, Newton, Massachusetts—Senator Hackett was endowed with a heritage that equipped him for the important positions to which he was chosen throughout his long career. He was born January eighth, one thousand eight hundred and forty-four, at Lower Penn's Neck, Salem county, New Jersey, and when but three months old, his father's family removed to Philadelphia, where his entire life was spent in the old Kensington District. He enjoyed the benefits of an education in the schools of Philadelphia until he attained the age of thirteen years, when reverses in the fortune of his parents compelled the lad to strike out for himself. At the age of sixteen, we find him working upon a farm at Gibbstown, New Jersey, when the war for the preservation of the

Union broke out. The patriotism and indomitable spirit, which were ever characteristics of the man, prompted him at once to enter the service of his country, and we find him enlisting in Company "B," Eighty-first Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, on July twenty-fifth, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

Hackett was but four feet eleven inches high and weighed eighty-nine pounds, but his services as a private in the ranks of his company, and later in Company "C," throughout the Peninsular Campaign, under General McClellan, showed him to be of the stuff of which heroes are made. While in the performance of his duties, he suffered from a severe attack of fever and after his recovery, he was assigned to the drum corps throughout the remainder of the term of his enlistment, but upon its termination in one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, he re-enlisted and became a veteran when but nineteen years of age, a record which has few, if any, equals in our military annals. He became known to his comrades throughout the army as "Rash Hackett, the Little Drummer Boy," a term of endearment which attached to him throughout life, and although he was repeatedly and signally honored by his neighbors and constituents, no title of honor could better express the feelings of love and respect for him than this with which he was baptized amid the fires of the Civil War.

He participated in the battles in front of Petersburg and was promoted to Orderly Sergeant and recommended to Governor Curtin for promotion for gallantry on the field of action, receiving in quick succession commissions as Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant and finally Captain. In the closing days of the war, on April seventh, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, at Farmville, Virginia, in a bloody engagement, his Regiment escaped with only a Colonel, two other officers, thirty-six men and the flag. Captain Hackett, himself, was captured by the Confederates but was recaptured by the Union soldiers two days later with Lee's Army when it surrendered at Appomattox. He served throughout the war with his regiment, which stands on the records as second of all Pennsylvania commands and number seven of the entire

Union Army in the number of battles and the severity of its losses, bearing, it would seem, the protection of a charmed life, for he never received a wound.

After the ending of the Civil War, Captain Hackett returned to Philadelphia and entered upon the service of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, with which he was engaged for a period of five years, leaving it to accept an appointment as letter carrier in the Philadelphia post office. Subsequently he became an attache of the Custom House and then State Appraiser in the office of Register of Wills of Philadelphia county. In one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, he was elected a Magistrate for the city of Philadelphia and was re-elected in one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two and again in one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven. In one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, he was elected to the office of Register of Wills and shortly after the expiration of the term of his office, he was prevailed upon to accept the nomination for State Senator from the Eighth district of Philadelphia. He was elected by an unusually large majority in the district, an evidence of the popularity of the man and of approval of his long record of public service.

As to the record which he made as a member of this body, there are Senators present who sat with him, and who are well qualified to speak and it is unnecessary for me to call to mind the modest and unassuming, yet genial and withal determined character of the man in safe-guarding the interests of his constituents and the welfare of the Commonwealth.

It is sometimes difficult to understand how a man who has given so much of his time to public affairs, can develop the character of a man of family. But with all his political and social activities, Senator Hackett was most delightful in the associations of his home and family. He was married in April one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one, to Jane F. Lukens, who with three sons and one daughter, survive him.

Senator Hackett suffered a stroke of apoplexy in the year one thousand nine hundred and three, after the session of the Legislature of that year, from which he slowly recovered, although he was left with a physical infirmity of lameness.

He was enabled, however, to resume his official duties in the Senate in one thousand nine hundred and five and after its adjournment, while touring the Pacific coast, was stricken with his fatal illness, while on the Northern Pacific Railway, en route from Tacoma, Washington, to Yellowstone Park. He was taken to Spokane, in which city he died on the twelfth day of July, one thousand nine hundred and five. The funeral services over the body of the dead Senator will be long remembered by those who were present.

The obsequies were attended by thousands who bore tribute of respect to the memory of him who had been friend and counsellor for many years. Many were there who had received from him assistance in time of distress, and his death disclosed numbers who had been the quiet beneficiaries of his generosity. Senator Hackett, never letting his right hand know what his left hand did, freely gave of his means and influence for the alleviation of the condition of those who were in sore need. While an exemplification of the principle of self help, he was ever ready to extend help to others.

While none may claim justification before the great bar of the Eternal Judge by reason of his own attainments and accomplishments, and all are imperfect instruments in the Divine plan, Horatio B. Hackett leaves to his family and friends a precious memory, and the goodness of his heart and life consoles them with the thought that he has been approved by his Maker and in "that bourne whence no traveler returns," peacefully awaits their coming.

Mr. HERBST. Mr. President, This is the fourth time since I have entered the Senate of Pennsylvania that I have been called upon to join in these solemn ceremonies. Osbourne, Magee, Vaughan, Kemmerer, Harrison and Hackett, all colleagues of mine since the session of one thousand nine hundred and one, have answered the stern call of the "pale messenger that with impartial footstep knocks alike at the palace gate and the poor man's cot."

There is peculiar fitness that we should again meet in this Senate chamber, so often the scene of party conflict, and of debate upon great questions that affect the welfare of our State, and with due solemnity and seriousness moralize upon

the greater questions of life and death that are brought home to us by the demise of one of our number, the Honorable Horatio B. Hackett.

The mystery of death is even yet, as it has been through all the ages, an unsolved problem, whether we meet it with the hope and promises of the Christian's faith, or the blind bravado of the Agnostic.

> "Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul,
> What a strange moment must it be, when near
> Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view,
> That awful gulf no mortal e'er repassed
> To tell what's doing on the other side.
> Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
> And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
> For part they must; body and soul must part;
> Fond couple! linked more close than wedded pair.
> This wings its way to its Almighty source,
> The witness of its actions, now its judge;
> That drops into the dark and noisome grave
> Like a disabled pitcher of no use."

I first met the Honorable Horatio B. Hackett when he entered this body in the session of one thousand nine hundred and three as the successor of his lifelong friend and political associate, the present Insurance Commissioner of Pennsylvania. I therefore did not know him when he was at his best physically. To me as a physician, he then showed the symptoms of a serious lesion of the nervous system. The dragging of the one leg, and the limited motion of the arm, were signs that the naturally strong physique had received a serious shock in the form of a paralytic stroke. His native strength of mind and energetic vigor of intellect no doubt, as in all such cases, too, had suffered some abatement, and deterred him from the activity in his senatorial duties which he would have shown had he come to this body earlier in life.

His biography bears record of a brilliant career as a soldier of the Republic, and the many positions of trust and responsibility which he occupied, prove the high regard and respect in which he was held by his fellow citizens.

My relations with him were pleasant. He always greeted me in a kindly, fatherly manner. The brave fight he made

for life when disease with its inexorable clutch was upon him, evidences the heroic nature of the man.

He was a brave soldier, a useful citizen, a gentlemanly colleague, and I desire to-day to express this tribute to his memory. May we who remain learn from the dead lessons of unswerving fidelity to duty and the living.

Mr. DEWALT. Mr. President and Fellow Members of the Senate: Success in life is graded by different standards. To those who believe the accumulation of great wealth is the greatest good that can be obtained in life, the building up of a great fortune seems to be most desirable; and after they have achieved that, they seem to be content, although experience has taught that riches have wings, and that the golden fruit often turns out to be, like the apples of Sodom—mere dust. There are others who believe that great learning is most to be desired, and their lives are spent in seeking to improve the condition of their fellows by acquiring stores of useful information. From the ranks of these come philosophers and savants, who by their teachings have much benefited their times and the world. Still others there are who believe in fame, and the honors that come through politics; they, like Alexander of old, sigh for more worlds to conquer; and from this class come our rulers. Again, there are many who believe in martial glory. Their sole end and aim is to become the rulers of men, not by thought, but by action; and from this class come not only the rulers, but also the tyrants of their fellows. Then there are many who believing in what has been called the simple life, think that the greatest good is to be obtained by doing the greatest good to their fellow men. Their lives are lives of devotion, for them it is not a seeking for wealth, or power, or fame, or personal aggrandizement—it is for the bettering of the condition of all men. Their lives are lives of sacrifice; and though many of them are in humble station, and never rise above that, they have lived close to the teachings of the Great Master who said, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Judged by these standards, how has this man of whom we to-day speak lived his life? Born in lowly station, without the advantage of wealth, or exalted position, he, in his period

of sixty odd years, was citizen, soldier, magistrate and legislator; and in each one of these avenues of activity he played well his part. What greater praise can be given to any man than to say of him, "He was a good citizen, a brave soldier, a just magistrate and an honest legislator."

From a drummer boy of seventeen to a captain of veterans in a Pennsylvania regiment, the record of which is second on that roll of honor, is a long step in martial valor. One would think that after a career so full of merit the individual would be unfitted for the arts of peace. Yet the career of this man shows that when the war was over, and the Great Commander said "Let us have peace," he assumed the labors of a brakeman and a fireman upon a railroad; thus showing that although he was able to fight, he had not forgotten how to work, and that he was willing to do that which first came to his hand. He was faithful in little things, and those who knew him best made him ruler over many. Those who believed in him took him from the humble station which he had chosen for himself, and gave him elective office; and for six years he was a dispenser of justice as magistrate in the locality in which he lived.

The people, recognizing a faithful public servant, in the largest city in the Commonwealth, thereafter elected him Register of Wills, and for three years this office was under his administration; and then, to round out the honors of his career, they sent him where we so well knew him—to this honorable body, and in the year one thousand nine hundred and two he became a Senator of this Commonwealth. From the humblest of beginnings, he thus rose to positions of which any man might well be proud.

It is not the loudest bird that sings the sweetest song. And so it can be said that it is not the man who makes the greatest professions who accomplishes most good. The Senator was not a man of great professions, but he was one who did things, without proclaiming his intentions so to do. "Deeds, not words," was his motto. The inherent strength of his character, his fidelity in small things, and his faithfulness in every station, commended him to all who knew him; and results in his life teach us that honesty, sincerity and sim-

plicity are traits of character which at all times work to the greatest good. Temporary success may be gained by artifice, or perhaps by appeal to popular prejudice, but lasting good for ourselves, and for those about us, can only be obtained by adherence to the three traits just mentioned.

It is not given to all men to be great rulers, or to make such marks upon the dial of time as will last in the memory of many generations. But it is given to each and all of us to act and live according to the best there is in us, and to make the best use of such talents and advantages as God has given us. Doing this, we have done all that is required, and though we may not, in so doing, become great, or famous, we become in our small way the center and nucleus of influence for great good by example.

If the life of Senator Hackett is reviewed from its earliest days to its end, it says to all, that in this great country of ours there is, generally speaking, an equal chance for all; that though some may be favored by the accident of birth, in wealth, or power, or influence, in the end water will always seek its level, and those who are deserving of merit, if they persevere in honest efforts, will succeed. Failures and misfortunes come to every man; but that man is greatest who profits by the knowledge which misfortune and failure have given him, and who is able to rise above these mischances.

So it may be said that the life of the late Senator was an epitome of honest efforts in the right direction; and that the result of those efforts was not only honor to himself and his family, but benefit to the community in which he so long lived. Were I to write his epitaph, I would inscribe it thus: "Here lies a man who lived simply, fought bravely, and died as he lived and fought."

Mr. STOBER. Mr. President, the saddest, yet most exalted duty to be performed on the floor of this Senate is to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of a deceased colleague.

This sad duty has been exacted from me at every session since I entered this body and I had hoped that death would withhold his deadly shaft long enough to exempt this extraordinary session from such solemn proceedings. But death is no respecter of persons, loves a shining mark, and struck

the Eighth district of Philadelphia and laid low Horatio B. Hackett. Had we the power, that shaft would have been halted in its merciless flight ere it touched one so loved, one so great, and one so brave as Senator Hackett. We mourn his departure, but do not believe him dead, and with Sprague say:

"Thou are not in the grave confined,
Death cannot claim the immortal mind;
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But goodness dies not in the dust."

And Campbell further says that:

"Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die."

Of his private life I know nothing; others who were more closely associated may extol his virtues. His public career as a Senator is remembered by his associates. Who, now present, does not remember the unobtrusive, courteous, gentlemanly, silent, yet ever watchful Senator, who after that dreaded monster of disease, paralysis, had laid his deadly hold on him, still with pain-racked frame, and soft, sad smile, attended to his official duties.

As Horatio B. Hackett was a soldier, I shall confine myself principally to his soldier record. In my imagination, I can see a boy of seventeen years of age standing in his home in the city of Philadelphia, on the twenty-fifth day of July, in one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one. His country calling for volunteers, brave men marching forth to battle, drums beating, bugles calling, the spirit of patriotism pervading every home and inspiring every citizen with love of country and admiration for its flag. That spirit struck the heart of young Hackett and he enlisted in the Eighty-first Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. In the words of the poet:

"No fearing, no doubting, thy soldier shall know,
When here stands his country, and yonder her foe;
One look at the bright sun, and prayer to the sky,
One glance where our banner floats glorious on high;
Then on, as the young lion bounds on his prey;
Let the sword flash on high, fling the scabbard away;
Roll on, like the thunder bolt over the plain;
We come back in glory, or we come not again."

Thus was his military career begun.

He served in that regiment for almost four years, continuously in the field and always at the front.

Enlisted as a private, discharged for promotion on the twelfth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, re-enlisted the next day and promoted to second lieutenant upon a special recommendation to the Governor of this State for "gallantry upon the field of battle." Promoted to first lieutenant on the nineteenth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, again promoted to the rank of captain on the nineteenth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and mustered out honorably, with that rank, on the twenty-ninth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

His regiment, the Eighty-first Pennsylvania, was attached to the Army of the Potomac, assigned first to the Third, and afterward to the Second Army Corps, it participated in twenty-two general engagements, and in the memorable assault at Fredericksburg lost one hundred and seventy-six men out of two hundred and sixty-one engaged, including eighteen officers; a loss of sixty-seven and four-tenths per centum, being the second highest of all Pennsylvania regiments during the war, and sixth of all others.

After being mustered out of the United States service, he served as a working captain in the line of the National Guard of Pennsylvania for four years. He commanded the Veteran Guard of his Post, No. 51, of the Grand Army of the Republic. On the fourth day of February, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, he was elected to the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, Class one, Insignia eight thousand four hundred and fifty-five. Such in brief is the military record of Captain Hackett. No need to speak of his loyalty and patriotism. A record such as this speaks louder than any language of mine. His deeds of valor are inscribed in letters of gold upon the immortal roll of fame and honor, and any effort of mine to elaborate thereon would only detract from that glorious and immortal scroll. Captain Hackett was a good citizen, a brave soldier, a faithful representative, an honest man.

After his return he became a useful citizen. Labor and service had no terror for him, and he became a brakeman and fireman on the Reading Railroad, and after five years of hard labor, Captain Hackett was called to other duties and served as letter carrier, inspector in the Custom House, clerk to the Register of Wills, State Appraiser, Register of Wills and State Senator. His party saw his worth and made him a delegate to State and National Conventions. The Grand Army of the Republic and the Loyal Legion and high social organizations recognized his military and social qualities and gave him all honor. I repeat that death is no respecter of persons. There is no abiding place here. Our days are numbered. They are as

"The dream on the pillow,
That flits with the day,
The leaf of the willow
A breath wears away;
The dust on the blossom,
The spray on the sea;
They—ask thine own bosom—
Are emblems of thee."

In conclusion let me bid farewell to Senator Hackett by paying a tribute to the flag for which he risked so much, and which he so dearly loved.

"Who wears for the flag that freedom blessed,
Though it wanders afar from home,
By the winds caressed, to the east or west,
Wherever its sons may roam?
In the calm of peace or the storm of wars,
On land or the bounding seas,
With its silver stars and crimson bars—
It is always the flag of the free.

Far from the cradle where liberty reared
Its brood of free born men,
That banner fared and has onward dared
Full many a league since then.
Like a strong, young eagle, on wings elate
It has followed its destiny
From the Old Bay State to the Golden Gate,
The fetterless flag of the free.

South, where the fair Antilles lie,
It smiles to the glowing dawn,
It soared on high in the sunlit sky,
On the hill over San Juan;
It has followed its well loved ships away
To the uttermost alien sea,
And it floats to-day in Manila Bay
The conquering flag of the free.

God speed the flag that has never quailed,
Though it rose o'er the Spanish Main;
When by foes assailed, that has never failed
Humanity's need and pain!
It shall bless the slave whom its valor frees,
And its glory shall 'round him be;
On its own loved breeze or the Orient seas
It is always the flag of the free."

The PRESIDENT. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions offered relative to the late Senator from Philadelphia, Mr. Hackett.

The question being,

Will the Senate agree to the resolutions?

They were unanimously agreed to.

ADJOURNMENT.

Mr. WHITE. Mr. President, I move that the Senate do now adjourn until five o'clock post meridian.

Mr. STOBER. Mr. President, I second the motion.

The question being,

Will the Senate agree to the motion?

It was agreed to.

Whereupon,

At four fifteen post meridian the Senate adjourned to meet at five o'clock post meridian of Wednesday, February fourteen, one thousand nine hundred and six.

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